

live through moments more poignant. . . . In battle you are at work, the heart beats strongly, the nerves are tense, a sort of recklessness carries you along. . . . Here all is Death. . . . And suddenly there appears an old woman in the midst of this desert, searching the rubbish-heaps with her stick. With her sharp nose, her trembling chin, and her shining, half-mad eyes, she seems the restless spirit of this ravaged land.

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BETWEEN Bapaume and Soissons the Germans have just lost the greatest battle of the war. For centuries to come men will speak of the vandalism of Germany as they speak to-day of the Huns of Attila. Why have the leaders of this valiant army, whose soldiers in so many hundreds of thousands have laid down their lives for that which they believed to be the salvation of their country—why have those leaders dishonoured their men by forcing them to do these odious things? When the victims of all this useless cruelty are gone these ruins will still bear witness against Germany. Upon its hill for evermore the corpse of Concy Château shall lie. In this plain there will always be the corpses of hundreds of towns and villages. One day there will come to this place the Professor of History who says "that people always exaggerate" and the amiable neutral for whom all the belligerents "are equally his friends." Perhaps then (a little late in the day) they will understand that it was against Humanity